



"The C.-B. Analogy."

MR. PUNCH recently prophesied that in consequence of the accession of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to power "a strong wave of double-nomenclature would sweep over the country." To the styles which he then recommended he is now asked to add another:—

For a District Railway Conductor.
RINGBELL-JAMMERMAN.

A Correction.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In your last Number your Charivariist says that a satisfactory explanation is now given with reference to the police constable who "was seen running in a West-End street." It may be so; yet the occurrence deserves further notice. What had this West-End street been doing to get run in? Taken to crooked ways, perhaps, or committed possibly some trifling Piccadillo. Pray let us hear more.

Yours, etc.

HY. DE PARK.

THE IMMORTAL BOY.

"WHOM the gods love dies young" was never said of *Peter Pan*. Here he comes again, with fresh touches of infinite variety to confound the needless fear that custom might stale his charm. Certain blemishes, if blemishes they were, are gone; the mothers have been removed, and the ardours of *Tiger Lily* chastely expurged. In a new scene, rich in alluring compensations, mermaids set their lovely snares in treacherous halcyon seas. *Peter* himself has a fresh interpreter, delicately mobile of body and mind, femininely sensitive to the shifting moods of the faerie lad forlorn. And if the new real mother misses something of the old maternal tenderness, the foster-mother that we loved is there; the same *Wendy* is with us; and, from the bright, peerless moment when she greets the darkling apparition of *Peter Pan* without a shadow of surprise or fear, she has all hearts in bondage as before. To the *First Twin* is assigned a new and startling feat of acrobacy, and to *Jas. Hook* a fresh opening for mental cynicism, which still leaves his very perfect gift of physical ferocity unimpaired.

Into the Mermaid scene an element of tragedy is suddenly introduced. *Peter*, wounded in combat with the Pirate Captain, is left on the rock to be caught by the rising tide, but escapes by the sacrificial intervention of what looks like a dodo. The bird offers him her floating nest for transport, and is rewarded by instant apotheosis. But meanwhile *Peter* has told us that "To die will be an awfully big adventure." The phrase, not designed to be mock-heroic, is only saved from the stigma of sheer melodrama by the freshness of its form. But it remains a false note, both in relation to the character of the speaker and to the context. A pantomimic atmosphere of crocodile and dodo makes an unsatisfactory environment for the Eternal Verities.

Which brings me to the larger question of the general relations, in Mr. BARRIE's work, of sentiment and humour; the term "humour" being loosely allowed to include whatever makes for amusement, from the gentlest satire to the frankest buffoonery. Tears and laughter, at their source, are near akin: but there is danger in provoking them with a too insistent alternation. At first we may be glad to have our emotions played upon by whatever processes of original fancy; but in time we are apt to resent the giving of ourselves away in diametrically opposite directions, at a moment's notice. We become suspicious and prophylactic. We refuse to go out into the April sunshine because we know that a shower is imminent; or we decline to go out into the April rain with umbrellas and macintoshes because they will presently encumber us when the clouds roll by.

With great deference, I am very certain that sentiment and humour, in their mutual relations, should be only used as a foil or a relief each to the other: to make them constant rivals is bad art and bad humanity. In any given scene where they are brought together, the one should be dominant, the other subordinate. And you may be sure that where there is antagonism between the two it will be sentiment that suffers most, since ridicule has the greater killing power.

One may therefore ask leave to question whether Mr. BARRIE was well-advised to retain the too incongruous episode of the kennel in the scene of the home-coming. This scene was designed for sentiment, a view that is endorsed by the addition in the new version of that touching passage which ends on a cry of the heart the most appealing in all the play,—*Peter Pan's* "Come away, *Tink*: we don't want any silly mothers." Yet the same sad event—the loss of their children—inspires in one parent a very natural and pathetic grief, and causes the other parent to indicate his remorse by the performance of grotesque antics in a kennel, and by the public exposure of himself, in the similitude of a dog, before the curious eyes of stock-jobber and street gamin. But, since it is impossible to

differentiate between the broader human instincts common to parenthood, we cannot, over one and the same distressing occurrence, weep with the mother and wax ribald with the father. We must either treat both attitudes seriously—that is, we must share the mother's proper grief and recoil with horror from the father's appalling buffoonery; or, (unthinkable alternative!) we must grin at the father's buffoonery, and equally regard the mother's grief as an exhibition *pour rire*.

I shall be told (needlessly, I hope) that incongruity is of the very essence of a certain form of humour. True; but it is the death of sentiment; of all sentiment, at least, that is not far enough aloof to be immune. And here, as I have tried to show, the sentiment and the humour run close together on the same lines. That is the fatal thing about the matter.

I shall also be told that Mr. BARRIE's most potent charm lies in his whimsicality, his irresponsible caprice, his manner of as-you-like-it. True again; and this argument must always be the hardest to answer. We have to fall back on one of the hallowed platitudes that deal with the vital distinctions between life and art. The spontaneous vagaries of human nature may delight one by their very inconsistency and improbability; but of art, even when it moves in the domain of pure imagination, one must demand a certain "working" measure of congruence; even of its impossibilities one must ask that they should be probable. But when, as in Mr. BARRIE's play, you have also a strong element of actuality intermixed with the images of "Never, Never, Never Land," this demand becomes so much the more imperative.

All this talk, I own, is vastly dull and pedantic; and I am further conscious that it engages me in the peril of being ranked among the hopelessly profane. The fact is that Mr. BARRIE, by a nicely-graduated series of charming audacities, has finally mesmerised the public, and can do with it precisely as he likes. He has received, as none before him, the freedom of the nation, and is allowed to be a law unto himself. This puts upon his conscience a very heavy responsibility, which the critics, in their small way, were bound to share. But they too have fallen under the spell; or dare not speak for fear of being thought too stuffy-headed to follow the finesse of his fantasies. For myself, being the least of them all, I will take my chance of that assumption, having far too profound a respect for Mr. BARRIE's genius to pay him the poor compliment of indiscriminate adulation. O. S.

FACTS AND FIGURES FOR 1906.

[With acknowledgments to our halfpenny contemporaries.]

IT IS WORTH noting that the number of days in the year just entered on is divisible by 5.

A CURIOUS feature of the year 1906 is that if the figures are twisted round and turned upside down they read 9061.

PEOPLE who were born on February 29th have, strictly speaking, no official birthday this year. They may, however, celebrate their birthdays on the 28th.

EASTER this year falls upon a Sunday; this was also the case last year.

IT IS INTERESTING to note that the French names for the months are slightly different from ours. For instance, with them "January" is *Janvier*, "February" becomes *Février*, and so on. The Japanese terms differ even more.

TO OBTAIN the number of minutes in 1906, a good recipe is to multiply 365 (the number of days) by 24 (the number of hours in a day), and then multiply the result by 60 (the number of minutes in an hour). This will be near enough for all practical purposes.

THE DAYS in May and June will be much longer than at present, but the nights will be correspondingly shorter.

TO QUALIFY as centenarians this year, candidates must have been born not later than 1806.



THE COMING EVENT.



Sporting Constable (with stop-watch—on "Police Trap" duty, running excitedly out from his ambush, to motorist just nearing the finish of the measured furlong). "FOR 'EVIN'S SAKE, GUV'NOR, LET 'ER RIP, AND YE'LL DO THE 220 IN SEVEN AND A 'ARF!"

PARTNERS.

It was a Saturday evening.

PETER PENNILESS had had a day out, and was dressed rather beyond his station in life. Finding time hang heavy on his hands, he joined a crowd who were staring with breathless interest at the unusual sight of a chauffeur starting his engine.

He had been so engaged for some minutes, when he felt a hand in his right-hand pocket.

"That can't be my hand," said PETER to himself; "I can tell by the feel."

He caught hold of the hand, and sure enough it was someone else's.

By bending the little finger as far back as it would go, and watching the faces of the bystanders, he discovered the owner of the hand.

"Who are you?" said PETER to the latter.

"I am a Pickpocket," said the owner of the hand.

"Indeed," said PETER, "and what are

you looking for in my right-hand coat pocket?"

"Money," said the Pickpocket.

"Oddly enough," said PETER, "I was doing exactly the same thing in the left-hand pocket. . . . Let us work together."

They did so, and continued their search for some time without success.

"I thought we should not find anything," said PETER, as they parted with mutual expressions of sympathy.

This is not a true story.

Did you think it was?

THE MARRIED MAN'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

~~Gives up going to Club.~~

~~Only go to Club once a month.~~

~~Twice a month.~~

~~On Saturdays only.~~

~~Go to Club less frequently.~~

I hereby resolve to try to go to Club less frequently.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is announced that on taking office Mr. ASQUITH has felt himself compelled to give up not only his legal, but also his Liberal League, engagements.

It is felt that the rule which prevents Peers from taking part in election-canvassing falls particularly hardly, at the present juncture, on Lord ROSEBURY.

We understand that one of the first acts of Mr. HALDANE, on taking up his duties at the War Office, was to return to Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER the MS. of a poem in the latter's handwriting. We are informed that it opens thus:—

"If you have Volunteers, prepare to shed them now,"

and is a most poignant piece of work.

A Seasonable Tu Quoque.

Vicar (addressing Sunday School). And now, boys, I wish you all a very happy New Year, and remember that the best way to make it so is to behave well at home.

Chorus of Scholars. Same to you, Sir.

NEW MUSIC.

(BURRELL BROS.)

FROM this firm we have received a tender and fairly melodious little song by ERB JUDKINS and FRED. S. SPOOPER, entitled "*Thinking of You, My Ownest*." In "*The Banshee's Benison*" the same accomplished lyrical collaborator with VOLNEY BRASHER, and the result is a refined yet fairly luscious ditty entirely suitable to high-class penny-reading audiences. "*The Chauffeur's Wedding*," by ED. SPROCKETT and JULIAN CLUTCHAM, reveals a rollicking topical ballad that should find favour in many a garage, while "*Church Parade*," words by OLAF BEGGIE and music by OLIVER HODGE, may be pronounced a moderately effective specimen of the "sacred" song with *obligato* accompaniment *ad lib.* for tambourine, castanets and osteophone. "*Buck up, dear Mother England*," the charming *aubade* by GUS BLIMBER, has been arranged as a trio for three tenors, and "*All Hail, All Blacks!*"—words and music by HANDEL BEER—in five-eighths time, is a fine bass solo with a brisk scrummaging accompaniment. With this may be bracketed "*The Google Man*" by ALBERTO TROTÈRE and JOHANN. T. HEARNE, a quaint and insinuating ditty which will be found acceptable by all contraltos who are able to disguise the break so frequent in this class of voice.

(MESSRS. DASH AND BALDER.)

FROM this well-known firm comes a budget of songs marked by all the intensity of parlour pathos for which they have long been justly famous. Perhaps the palm must be awarded to two charming ditties entitled "*Did 'Ums*," and "*Biddy Muldooney*;" in both cases the words, from the well-known pen of ODOARDO BLETHERLEY, have been wedded to chaste but entirely appropriate melodies by TALEY BINDELLS. Captious critics have, we believe, ventured to impeach the accuracy of Mr. BLETHERLEY in reproducing the Irish brogue, but one need only quote the first stanza of "*Biddy Muldooney*" to prove his perfect mastery of the peculiarities of the Milesian *patois*:

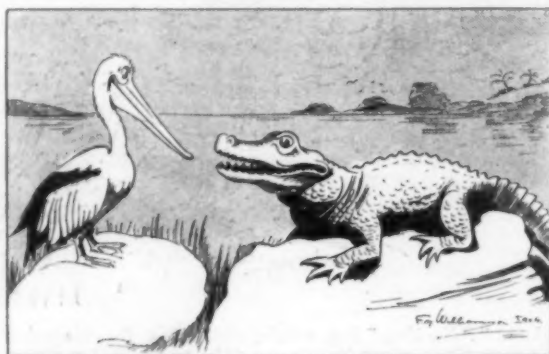
Och, BIDDY MULDOONEY,
Yer makes me feel spoony
With yer sing-song so "coony,"
Ochone whillaloo!
Sure in all Tipperary
There ain't sich a fairy,
So bloithe and contrairy,
Swate BIDDY, nor you.

The engaging *canaille* of the text is well matched by the lilt of Mr.

BINDELLS' music. "*Did 'Ums*" is an affecting little lyric, by turns mirthful and pathetic, dealing with the winsome ways of a pet pug which died from the effects of swallowing a hairpin, and is well suited to tremulous contralto singers.

(SLAMMER AND VAMP.)

ALWAYS notable for their encouragement of the young English school, this firm has signalled the festive season by publishing a set of International Miniatures for pianoforte, by VLADIMIR HOWLEY. No. 1, "*The Cannibals' Carnival*," *Allegro sanguinolento*, is a pleasant piece of frank realism in which a strepitous figure in the bass charmingly simulates the gnashing of teeth. No. 2, "*Valse Voodoo*," has a cadaverous charm which is all its own. No. 3, "*The Vampires' Lament*," is remarkable for a plaintive *ritornello*, agreeably reminiscent of "the dying rooster." Lastly, No. 4, which completes the set, and is appro-



Father Pelican. "WE LOST THE NUT-CRACKERS AT OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY THE OTHER NIGHT. I WISH YOU'D BEEN THERE, OLD CHAP."

priately headed "*Universal Orgy*," represents the scenes enacted in the monster shops of High Street, Kensington, on the occasion of a cheap sale.

FROM the same house comes a piquant work entitled "*Pandemonium*:" a Cantata for bass solo, chorus, two gongs, four piccolos, eight trombones, and sixteen xylophones." When it is added that words and music are both by HANUSCH WILLIBALD VON PERKINS, the intelligent amateur will readily understand what a treat is in store for him. Mr. VON PERKINS, who was recently naturalised in Bohemia, has now come under the influence of the Celtic Renaissance, and will probably take up his residence shortly in Dublin as Musical Director to the Irish Theatre under the name of SHAMUS CAROLAN MCGEOGHEGAN. He is, however, still considering an invitation to join the Conservatoire at Bologna as Professor of Pathological Polyphony, in which case he will adopt the attractive *alias* of GIAN GALEAZZO SPORZANDO.

ABBREVIATION'S ARTFUL AID.

THE Bard, at times,
Is stumped for rhymes,
Without the least excuse.
He could defy
Such moments by
Abbreviation's use.
For words like Bucks:
Or even Ess:
Are not a lux:
But a neces:

So simp: a rule
May seem pecul:
And make the crit: indig:
What matter if
The scans: is diff:
The meaning too ambig:?
The net result,
Lacon: and punct:
Is worth a mult:
Of needless unct:

We long for sile:
From folks who pile
Their wordy Pel: on Oss:
Extremely nox:
And quite intox:
By their exub: verbos:
We curse their imp:
In manner dras:
And fail to symp:
With their loquac:
In House of Com:
They all abom:
The periphrastic Pol:
Reviewers sniff
At auth: prolif:
With semiannual vol:
But we can pard:
I do believe,
The minor bard
Who will abbrev:

With pen and ink
In close propinq:
The Poet, lucky fell:!
Avoiding troub:
May give his pub:
The cred: for some intell:
And like an orph:
In pose recumb:
In arms of Morph:
Securely slumb:

Let corks explode
With brand: and sod:
Ye wearers of the mot:!
Decant the cham:
(What matt: the dam:?)
And empt: the flowing bott:!
And ne'er surren:
The Laureate's palm,
His haunch of ven:
And butt of Malm:!

Asking too Much.

ROBERT —, LICENSED HORSE SLAUGHTERER.
DEAD HORSES AND COWS PLEASE TELEGRAPH.



Irish Nurse. "NOW THIN, MUM, WAKE UP AN' TAKE YER SLEEPIN' DURAUGHT!"

A SHERRY WHINE.

[The recent decline in the consumption of sherry is responsible for the following verses.]

MUST we, indeed, believe the gloomy tale
Of sunny Andalusia's decline,
And learn that there is hardly any sale
For this incomparable golden wine?
If there is truth in what the vintners state
(And here, perhaps, it's prudent to be wary),

This peerless drink has met the selfsame fate
That ruined Sack and ostracised Canary.

Once, sequent on the vanishing tureen,
We welcomed, plainly served, the sole
or cod,
Then this brave wine monopolised the scene,
Now—write upon the menus "Ichabod:"

The wretched cook sends up a messy dish,
Labelled some unintelligible *à la*,

And the decanter that attends the fish
Holds cheap Sauterne or second-rate Marsala.

Time was, and not so very long ago,
When guests observed the once age-honoured use
That bade them in an after-dinner glow
Pass and repass "the old familiar juice;"

So, too, if cake and sherry were not set
Before the mourners at a smart interment,
The grievous breach of funeral etiquette
Put the assembly in a dreadful ferment.

How through the epicure's distracted mind
Must dart the simply agonising ache—
To call for sherry and alas! to find
"Tis only used to flavour tipsy-cake!
Soon, like the sceptics who have oft denied

There ever breathed a Helen or a Paris,
A rising generation will decide
This nectar is a liquid *Mrs. Harris*.

I cannot tell the cause of this eclipse
Of fruity Manzanilla's bright career,
Nor why men miss their matutinal nips,
And turn, instead, to stout or bitter beer:

I only know that I am most unwell,
My head is heavy and my temper so-so,
The Doctor thinks it means a gouty spell,
And puts it down to "paleold Oloroso."

So, though 'tis really very sad to think
The taste for sherry is upon the wane,
And though I hold that as a nutty drink
We nevermore shall see its like again;
Perhaps the fact that we are drinking less
From those bodegas by the Guadalquivir

May mean that I shall lose the biliousness
Afflicting my notorious evil liver!

Proverbial Philosophy.

THE swish is father to the taught.
The proof of the padding is in the beating.
Every crowd has a copper lining.

CINDERELLA AS SHE SHOULD BE.

"SALLY in our alley" is no longer the national heroine, for "*Cinderella in our Lane*" has cut her out. There is no prettier sight on the stage of to-day than Miss MAY DE SOUSA as the heroine of the Drury Lane pantomime, sitting surrounded by the little children, telling them a fairy story. One SOUSA is the "March King;" Miss MAY is the January Princess. The pantomime is of the good old-fashioned sort, with plenty of story, plenty of good fun, and a suitable background of splendour. The fun preponderates—should it be pre-pun-derates?—as is right, and the mixture is exactly as it should be. There are episodes in the Lane version of the old tale which have never before seen the footlights. *Cinderella's* father, for instance, before his marriage believes the *Baroness* to be barren, while she imagines her new husband to be childless, the game of Bluff ending by the lady showing "a pair" of daughters against her lord's Queen of Hearts. There is a subtle hit against the militarising of the people in the conduct of the page *Alfonso* as soon as he dons a Yeomanry uniform. While in buttons his conduct is admirable; he is not at all a loose page, but directly he is bound in scarlet he carries on anyhow with the *Baroness*, and proves that his profession is that of arms by putting one of them round the lady's waist. HARRY RANDALL is a capital page, recalling in memory poor DAN LENO by his quaintness and agility. WALTER PASSMORE is a *Baroness* of the best pantomime type, of beauty so strange that clocks stop at her approach, and of a marvellous quickness of foot. It is needless to say that this old Savoyard sings his songs admirably. ARTHUR WILLIAMS is the *Baron*, a nobleman of those happy days of long ago, when gentlemen were ennobled for the possession of a gift of genial humour, and not for political service done. His predicament when he is refused entrance to the ball-room and his rescue by a tiny page received a tribute of very hearty laughter.

There never was a more splendid *Prince* than Miss QUEENIE LEIGHTON is, whether in brown velvets she is shooting pheasants, or directing the ball in more gorgeous raiment. She sings her demand for a song with a stirring subject with great spirit, and it received, though it came late in the evening, an encore which was not to be disregarded. *Dandini*, the page, with whom, in the new version, the *Prince* changes identity for a while, to the great discomfiture of the "ugly sisters," has become *Dandigny*, and being thus entente-cordialled into a Frenchman is fittingly embodied by HARRY FRAGON, an Englishman who has amused Paris for so many years that he brings the accent of the Boulevards to Aldwych. How ready a British audience is to welcome cleverness and refinement was shown by the Boxing Day reception given to his songs, particularly "Pour Elle." Indeed refinement is one of the dominant notes of this year's Lane pantomime, where the cabman puts cotton wool in his horse's ears when he thinks the *Baroness* is about to say things which no self-respecting quadruped should listen to. The two "ugly sisters" are amusingly played by Misses POLLIE EMERY and EMILY SPILLER, though the latter lady never knocks anybody down. The cat, who at a critical moment drew a caterwaul from a little girl in a box on the prompt side,—she squealed promptly enough—is ARTHUR CONQUEST, who runs round the Dress Circle just as if it were a garden wall.

From the village of Whare, without a ?, the ancestral home of the Bluffs, the action of the comedy—for the tale of "*Cinderella*" is real comedy—moves through "*Cinderella's* Boudoir" to the "*Prince's* Preserves," in which scene the *Baroness*, having fallen into the pond, comes back to the picnic saying that she returns to the bank wet—isn't that a frank pun? and on to the Baronial Hall and "Wonderland," where mice and lizards and pumpkin change into ponies

and grooms and a diamond coach. Next after an entr'acte, *Cinderella* drives, her ponies galloping through a succession of beautiful glades and valleys, to the Palace of the *Prince* who, sensible young fellow, gives his very splendid entertainment in the illuminated gardens of his palace. *Cinderella*, of course, forgets all about the early closing regulations, and is whisked off by a Demon. Then by Caine Hall—not a scholastic establishment, strangely enough—the story runs on to the slipping on of the slipped slipper, the transformation scene and the Harlequinade.

A new order of merit, the D.L.O., should be established, and the managerial ARTHUR should be the first recipient. The trio of authors—JAMES GLOVER, who has written some excellently tuneful songs, COMELLI, as designer of costumes, ERNEST D'AUBAN as stage manager, and the scenic artists, the costumiers and all others of the leaders of the great army of the Lane, should be rewarded in the first Honours Gazette as having participated in the success of the merriest, most musical, most refined, and one of the most magnificent pantomimes of our generation. N. N.-D.

NATURE STUDIES.

A BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE.

I HAD often felt that the ordinary business letter, which just informs you about the important matters to which it relates and then breaks off, without any kindly transition, into the signature, had about it a disagreeable curtness that was destructive of all geniality and even of ordinary human feeling. There seemed to be no valid reason why such letters should be so abrupt as to convey a menace, putting, as it were, an epistolary knife to your throat and bidding you answer, or take the dreadful consequences. Why should merchants, stockbrokers, solicitors, and, in fact, all classes of business men employ this brutal directness? Literary grace, of course, was not necessary, but a little gentle circumlocution, a few conversational remarks casually thrown in, could only, I thought, have the effect of mitigating asperities and oiling the wheels of business. These were my feelings when one day I received a letter which seemed to show that the writer shared my sentiments. Perhaps, if I had known how the thing was to end I should have paused, but at the moment I rejoiced, feeling that at last I had come upon a human heart beating in a business breast. This is the letter:—

DEAR SIR,—The summer will be coming round soon, and I thought I would write and ask you if you wished to take "The Laurels" again this year. The rent would be the same, but if you took it for part of October as well it would be only £10 (ten pounds) more. I shall be glad to hear from you at your convenience.

Yours truly, ANNA KEARY.

P.S.—The weather seems to have set in fine now after the late rains.

I replied at once:—

DEAR MADAM,—In answer to your letter I beg to say that I shall probably desire to take "The Laurels" again this year, though I should suggest that the inventory should be made by a different firm. I shall know for certain in a week or so, and will let you hear from me at once. We too have suffered a great deal from the recent heavy rains, but the sun will soon make things look very different. Still one can never be sure that there will not be a May frost which would ruin the fruit trees. I hope you are in the enjoyment of good health.

Yours very truly, JOHN WILCOX.

By return of post came the following:—

DEAR SIR,—I was much interested by what you wrote as to the effect of the rains on your garden. As you justly



Hostess (introducing First Violin to sporting and non-musical guest). "THIS IS PROFESSOR JINGELHEIM, WHO LEADS THE QUARTET, YOU KNOW."
Sporting Guest (thinking to be highly complimentary). "LEADS—EH—AH—BY SEVERAL LENGTHS, EH—AND THE REST NOWHERE! WHAT?"

say, a May frost is most dangerous to the fruit blossoms. We were great sufferers last year (as, no doubt, you found during your occupancy of "The Laurels"), most of our blossoms being destroyed in two nights. I am told the thermometer registered more than ten degrees of frost, which is, of course, unusual at that time of year and quite impossible to guard against. We sadly need a continuance of the present beautiful sunshine. How do you prevent the birds destroying the fruit? We have tried nets round the trees, but I think their appearance is objectionable, and they do not seem to be much use. I trust you have had no return of the cough which troubled you on the last occasion we met. With kind regards to Mrs. WILCOX, I am, Yours sincerely, ANNA KEARY.

I allowed a day to go by and then replied:—

DEAR MRS. KEARY,—I am much obliged to you for your very kind letter. My cough was very troublesome during part of the winter, but a visit to Bournemouth enabled me to shake it off, and for the past few months I have been enjoying excellent health. Nets, as you remark, are very unsightly in a garden, but I fear there is nothing else, (short of destroying all the birds) which is so efficacious against the loss of fruit. I am afraid our fine weather has now quite broken up again. The barometer fell very violently all yesterday, and to-day we have had showers which have converted the grounds into a swamp. So far, however, we have escaped frost, and that is something to be thankful for. Please remember me very kindly to your daughters. Yours very sincerely, JOHN WILCOX.

The correspondence continued in this amicable tone for about ten days more. Then I made up my mind that I would take "The Laurels" again, and was just about to write and say so, when I received the following letter, which brought the correspondence to a close:—

DEAR MR. WILCOX,—What you say is very true and, if I may say so, very beautifully expressed. This life is indeed full of changes. I remember my dear husband saying very much the same thing only a few weeks before he was so suddenly taken away from us. But I trust that I have learnt my lesson, and I am not ungrateful, for though things can never be quite what they were yet we can find happiness both in our memories of the past and in contemplating the new generation which is growing up round us. The garden is now very beautiful. The late storm did some damage, washing away a great part of the new esplanade on the sea front, but everything is now smiling in the bright sunshine. I was so glad to have your good account of Mrs. WILCOX. With kindest regards, believe me, yours most sincerely and, may I add, gratefully, ANNA KEARY.

P.S.—You will be glad to hear that I have been able to let "The Laurels" very well. *My tenant is a Mr. I. GOLDSTEIN, who is something in the city. Perhaps you may know him?

A Wedding Harmony.

"The mother of the bride . . . carried a bouquet of delicately-tinted chrysanthemums to match her bridegroom" . . . —*Weekly Scotsman*.

The possessive pronoun—"her"—gives a very sinister emphasis to the suggestion of match-making.



OUR ELECTION.

Farmer. "WELL, IF 'E THINKS I'M AGOIN' TO VOTE FOR 'IM——!"

CHARIVARIA.

NEW Year's Day was kept as usual on the 1st of January.

It is rumoured that, to show that he is in earnest in his desire for better relations between England and Germany, the KAISER is about to recall from this country the many roving German bands which are doing so much damage.

MR. BALFOUR, if we may accept his public statements, has found, after careful consideration, that he cannot support the present Government.

Those who say that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN will not dare to carry out his proposed reductions in the armaments of our country forget that, as Minister of War, he showed an active contempt for the motto *Sursum Cordite*.

A lady visiting Norwich last week was taken to see the statue of Sir THOMAS BROWNE. She remarked that she had read his *School-days*, but did not know that he had been knighted, and was very glad that a monument had been erected to him.

The Supreme Court of New York State

has allowed a Russian immigrant to change his name from JERUSALEM to JEROME. The question now is: Will a well-known humorist change his name, in consequence, to JERUSALEM K. JERUSALEM?

A hard case has been brought to our notice. A warrant officer who had his chronometer stolen in a crowd on Boxing Day is, according to our information, to be court-martialled for absenting himself from his watch.

A man charged at Grays, Essex, with being drunk while in charge of a horse and carriage, stated that his name was QUEENATION JARVIS. Excuse held to be insufficient.

A Bradford man, after quarrelling with his wife, broke several windows with his fist, and severed the ulnar vein, and, but for the prompt action of a constable who applied a pad and tourniquet, he would have bled to death and been unable to be sent to gaol.

We regret to be unable to publish the speeches made by some Wimbledon burglars upon opening an empty safe weighing 2½ cwts. which they had removed with considerable difficulty in the small hours of Boxing Day.

For callous heartlessness commend us to the following notice at a Baby Show: "All infants not removed within two days of the closing of the Exhibition will be confiscated."

We take a frank pleasure in giving a most emphatic denial to the allegation, said to have been invented by an unscrupulous North Paddington Conservative, that every elector in that district who votes for Money is liable to be charged with an offence under the Corrupt Practices Act.

M. DE NELIDOFF, the Russian Ambassador in Paris, celebrated last week the fiftieth year of his entry into the Diplomatic service, and was congratulated by the Czar—on being in Paris.

An unpleasant sign of the times is the way in which a love of finery seems to be permeating every class. The legal papers now report that an unprecedented number of members of the Junior Bar are applying for silk.

A Bill imposing a tax on all unmarried women over thirty years of age is to be introduced into the Spanish Cortes. The idea that any woman is ever over thirty years of age is peculiarly naïve.



A HAPPY AFTERTHOUGHT.

C.B. "THESE, I THINK, ARE THE FISCAL WEAPONS WE AGREED UPON?"

A.B. "QUITE SO, QUITE SO; BUT I'VE RATHER A FANCY FOR THIS QUAIN'T OLD THING WHICH I FOUND
IN MY SLEEVE." (Aside) "DOES A LOT OF DAMAGE—IF IT DOESN'T MISS FIRE."

U
n-
ge
sh
is
fly



SIGNS OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.

First Sportsman. "That's old BROWN IN THE BROOK, isn't it? HOPE HE'LL GET OUT ALL RIGHT!"

Second Sportsman (the Conservative candidate). "OH, HE'S ALL RIGHT. WORST RADICAL IN THE COUNTY. WISH WE COULD KEEP HIM THERE TILL AFTER THE ELECTION!"

THE WOODEN WRESTLERS.

(A Street Sketch.)

SCENE—A Side Street. *TIME*—About 7.30 P.M. On the edge of the pavement stands a street vendor, looking down with an air of detachment upon a pair of roughly carved, unpainted wooden figures, which are wrestling jerkily on a patch of carpet, illuminated by a lantern about two feet from the kerbstone. A circle has collected, and regards the contest with an attention bordering on fascination.

The Vendor. 'Ere you are! The marv'lous livin' wrestlers! A wunnerful little novelty for the Noo Year! A correck reppresentashin' of 'ACKINSMIT and MADRARLY, the Terrible Turk, as they appeared at Olympier. One penny on'y.

A Boy. Which on 'em's 'ACKINSMIT, Guv'nor?

Vendor. If yer carn't reckernise 'im fur yerself from 'is stoyle, you've a lot to learn about wrestlin, young feller-me-lad!

[Boy retires to back, abashed.]

A Girl (to her Young Man). Well, I carn't see 'ow it's done, can you?

The Y. M. (a confirmed cynic). There's a tike-in about it somewhere, you may depend!

Vendor (severely, to the wrestlers, who have sunk exhausted on the carpet). I didn' tell you to leave orf, did I?

[The figures rise reluctantly, and resume the struggle.]

Girl. I've 'alf a mind to buy a pair fur young ELF. He would be emused.

The Cynic. Pre-'aps—if they'd ack like that fur 'im—but they wouldn't. No fear!

Vendor. A penny buys the pair on 'em. The wunnerful

little ortermatic Noo Year novelties, entered at Stashners' 'All, and patternised by aristocrisy. They gets up and lays down at the word o' command. MADRARLY, don't you lemme see yer leapin' over 'ACKENSMIT's 'ed like that agen! Call that beyavin' like a Turk! I'm ashimed o' yer, I am! Tike keer, 'ACKINSMIT, I shell hev ter corshun you in a minnit. . . . Time! *(He steps off the kerbstone; the figures collapse as he approaches a box containing similar couples wrapped up in pieces of newspaper.)* Nar then—'oo 'll 'ave a pair o' the noo scientific artistic toys, warranted to pervide unlimited fun an' emusement fur the family suckle? *(He unwraps one of the parcels.)* All percisely similar to those you 'ave seen workin'—examine them fur yerselves, and you 'll agree as the workman 'oo could turn 'em out wiv thet degree o' finish for the sum o' one penny—well, he ain't left 'imself not a very large margin o' profit on 'is labour!

A Beery Bystander (suddenly). Ger-rup!

Vendor (turning on him). What's that? Did I 'ear you a-tellin' me to "shet up!" I've a right ter make a livin' sime as yerself, and any man as tells me ter "shet up" tikes a libbaty which—

The B. B. It's awright. I was torkin' to the figgers, not you. Tellin' on 'em to gerrup.

Vendor (edging back to the kerbstone). Oh, you 'll excuse 'em, Mister—they didn' know 'oo yer was at fust. I dessay now, if you was to arak 'em once more—

The B. B. Up yer gits! *(the figures arise refreshed, and wrestle with redoubled vigour.)* 'Ere, that tikes it. I 'll 'ave a pennorth.

The Girl. I s'pose they can't 'ave clockwork inside of them, not at the price?

The Cynic. 'Bart as much clockwork as what you've got inside o' you!

The Girl. Well, I've 'alf a mind to buy one—jes to find out 'ow it's done.

The Cynic. All you'll find out is 'ow you're done!

The Girl. I 'ate to 'ear you tork as if you didn't believe in nuffink, Ern!

The Cynic. Tell yer the truth, I aint got many allusions left.

Vendor (returning to the box, as the figures take another rest). 'Oo's next fur a pair of these wunnerful little livin' wrestlers, sime as supplied to 'is Ryle Ighness the Prince o' WILLES fur presentyshun to the Injin Rarjers, by means o' which the bonds o' Empire 'ave been more firmly cemented nor hever, hall the Rarjers bein' hovercome wiv delight an' amazement arter witnessin' their marv'lous pufferminces. Lay down and raise up at the word o' command.

1st Facetious Onlooker. Git up!

2nd Do. Do. No, go on layin' down!

Vendor (retreating to the pavement). Nar, gents, don't go a-confusin' of their minds. 'Ow are they to know what yer do want? (he steps on the kerbstone). Which is it ter be?

1st F. O. Let 'em 'ave another go in!

Vendor. ACKENSMIT! MADRARLY! You 'eard? England and me expects as you will do yer dooty and fight fair. (The figures rise once more, and struggle more desperately than ever.)

The F. O.'s (convinced). That's good enough, guv'nor. 'And a pair over 'ere. (The Vendor disposes of several parcels.)

The Cynic. Well, yer do see some mugs abart! 'Aven't yer tumbled to it yet? O' course, 'e can make 'em work, 'cause 'e's got a string tied to 'is leg!

Vendor. 'Oo sez I aint? (with withering sarcasm). 'Ow d' yer s'pose they're worked? Think I ken supply them figgers wiv' a little yumin soul apiece, let alone a 'lectric batty, for a penny the pair? You expeck a lot fer yer money, you do—more 'n you're likely to git in this world!

The Cynic. All I'm syin' is that these figgers as you're sellin' aint got no strings, as anyone kin see fer 'imself.

Several Speakers (after examining their purchases critically). 'E's right there, Mister. There ain't no string to mine!

Vendor. Did I say there was? I'm not 'ere to-night to deceive no man. What I'm sellin' is these wunnerful little mechinisms—I never repperesented as I was givin' yer string to work 'em inter the bargain. My livin' wage is low enough wivout that. But, though yer mayn't be pewtercrats, I should 'ope the poorest of yer could afford a yard or two o' black cottin' fred—which is all that's needed to set the figgers in motion and pervide entertainment fur young and old! I'm surpris'd at yer, people. I didn't think yer'd have shown sich grasping dispositions!

(The purchasers appear to feel this rebuke, as they thrust the dolls somewhat shamefacedly into their pockets.)

A Matron (as she fumbles for her purse). Will they pufform the same on any ordinary table?

Vendor. Pufform on any ornery tyble, Mum? Why, I'll guarantee them figgers to work on the dome o' Sin Paul's Cathedril, if you on'y git 'em up there!

(The idea of a contest at such an altitude appears to impress the general imagination, and the Vendor clears the remainder of his stock-in-trade without further difficulty, when a Stout Constable suddenly makes his appearance.)

The Stout Constable. 'Ullo. What are you up to 'ere?

The Cynic (to his Young Lady). I knoo 'e'd 'ave the p'lice down on 'im afore 'e'd done! They're up to 'is little gimes!

Vendor (advancing to the pavement). No 'arm, Sir. On'y jest ex'ibitin' these 'ere ingenious little figgers. (The wrestlers again show signs of animation.) An' I'm orf now, Sir. Sold out the lot, I 'ave, 'cept this last pair.

The S. C. 'Ave yer? Then I tell yer what. I'm goin' to take these 'ere figgers into custody, for brawlin' in a public thoroughfare. That's what I'm goin' to do.

Vendor (alarmed). I didn't know I was doin' nuffink wrong, Sir. Jest a simple toy to emuse the kids. An' they're on'y a penny!

The S. C. (producing that coin). Cheap enough. I'll take these orf yer. Got kiddies of my own at 'ome. There you are. . . . Now you git along off. (To the crowd, with a resumption of official dignity) What are you all starin' at? There's nothing more for yer to see—pass along, can't yer.

(The crowd disperses.)

Vendor (to himself, as he collects his lantern, patch of carpet, and empty box). Oo'd he' thort of a Copper 'avin' kiddies of 'is own? But there—I s'pose, after all, Coppers are yumin bein's like ourselves if the truth was known!

F. A.

THE WHITECHAPEL PILGRIMS.

(A Fragment.)

["Our great schools train boys for the Army and Civil Service, but competition now continually confers the appointments upon men who have studied elsewhere. The West End is, therefore, full of men who are without employment and are unable to earn their own livelihood . . . 'March of the Upper Class Unemployed to the East End,' is a headline which may be expected soon to figure in the newspapers."—"Marmaduke" in "The Graphic."]

WHEN that raw Janwar with his frostes snelle
Hath pierced deep the clubbes in Pellmelle,
And lene lordes can no longer paye
For meat ne drink, so han they lyte moneye,
And never no vitaille is on the platters,
And Duks about them draw their threadbare tatters—
Then longen out-of-workes folk to goon
To Whitechapel in a processioun
To ax their East End bretheren almesse
T'at so their ragged Duchesses mote dresse.

Bifel that as I wended through the Circus
There passed by a throng of out-of-workes,
A sorry companye, and everichoon
Thus made his moan, "We han no work to doon."
Methinketh it accordaunt to resoun
To telle you all the condicioun
Of eche wight—what state that they were inne—
And at a Duk then wol I first beginne.

A Duk there was that oftseythes at Eton
By learned Doctors had been wel y-beaten,
But natheles, maugree their lusty paines,
He little had of learning in his braines,
So that he could no art and failed first
At Woolewich and eke at Sandehurst.
A merchaunt's clerk eftsones he would be,
But burgess nas there noon in the City
Would trust him ne to multiply ne add,
So was his training in the Classics bad.
But for to telle you of his arraye,
His coronet had seen a better daye:
Upon the velvet nappe nas there noon,
The straweberry leves drooped doon,
And in a sorry string of tatters felle
His robes red. There is namo to telle.

A Don there was of Oxenford also
That unto Balliol hadde long y-go.
Ere that his smoothe chin had been y-shaven,
The Herteford he won and eke the Craven,
And there nas never noon could tell the proue
This foolish Don would write from Cicero's.
Full threadbare was his gown, and through his shoon
Were thrust his chapped heeles and his toon,
And of his cap the brim was all agoun.
He was a very parfit useless Don. . . .

LILLIAN.

IX.—A ROW OF ASTERISKS.

AT LILLIAN'S dance I got introduced to an author man just after dinner. As he was staying in the house I thought I ought to be friendly to him, so I told him that we all thought a good deal of his stuff in our village, and that personally I had read one of his books right through. He replied that it was an extremely cold day, but that he quite hoped the snow would hold over; and we then separated.

This was before the dance began. Afterwards, feeling very well disposed towards everybody, I approached him again. (He was in a corner, looking rather lonely). Now I put down things on paper myself sometimes, so of course we had a good deal in common.

I said: "Now what do you do when you suddenly get stuck, and absolutely can't think of anything to say next?"

He replied: "In such a case I put a row of asterisks."

"Jove!" I said, "that's rather an idea."

"Do you use asterisks much?" he went on.

"Really, you know, I can't say that."

"I don't know what I should do without my asterisks," he said in a melancholy voice. "When the heroine falls into the hero's arms—a row of asterisks. When the villain puts the rat poison in the mayonnaise—a row of asterisks. When the good aunt moralises—when the wicked uncle swears—in all times of doubt, difficulty and emotion, but most of all when the author himself gets stuck—a row of asterisks."

"This is very interesting," I told him. "I shall certainly remember what you have said. But look here, supposing one doesn't know how to begin, supposing one wishes to relate a very delicate matter and doesn't know where to start—could one lead off with a row of asterisks?"

"Well," he began doubtfully, "of course you might—"

"In that case," I said, "I certainly shall."

• • • • •
"Suppose," said LILLIAN, "you wanted something very much—"

She stopped, and began to play with her fan.

"And suppose," she went on, "somebody offered it to you," and she gave a little sigh.

"I should take it," I said. It seemed a pretty easy problem, but there's generally a catch somewhere.

"And suppose you refused it . . . once . . . and twice . . . and then suppose—"

"Look here, let's take a concrete case," I said. I was rather proud of "concrete,"

but then I often say quite good things at dances. "Let's take a concrete case," I repeated.

"All right, DICK. DICK, what do you want most in the world?"

"A motor-bicycle," I replied, promptly. (Some fools say motor-bicycling is going out, but that's simple rot.)

"A motor-bicycle," LILLIAN repeated softly to herself. "Well then, DICK, suppose ARTHUR offered you a motor-bicycle—"

"I say, may we have that again, please?"

"Suppose ARTHUR offered you a motor-bicycle—"

"Look here, let's let that idea sink in a bit first."

I closed my eyes and leant back, while LILLIAN fanned me vigorously.

"No, it's no good," I said at last.



THOUGHTS FOR NON-THINKERS.

COMPLY CHEERFULLY WHEN NECESSITY ENJOINS.

"But, DICK, we're only supposing."

"Oh well—go on."

"And suppose you refused it—"

"Great Scott," I interrupted, "do you think I'm an absolute idiot?"

"People are sometimes," said LILLIAN, very sadly. "I don't know why."

"But—a motor-bicycle—"

"Even with better things than that. Well, DICK, suppose ARTHUR offered it again, and you refused it again—"

I put my hands over my ears.

"Please, LILLIAN," I said, "I can't stand it. The mere thought is agony. It almost seems as though I had lost it. Don't go on."

"If the thought is agony, what about the actual thing?"

I had a sudden and tremendous suspicion.

"I say," I began excitedly, "you don't mean that somebody actually has offered you a motor-bicycle, and you've refused it?"

"It wasn't a motor-bicycle," said LILLIAN with a smile.

"Oh well, then—"

"But something almost as important," and she gave a little laugh.

"Look here, what has happened? Somebody offered you something?"

"Yes."

"A bracelet, let's say."

"Well—"

"And you refused it?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I thought I didn't want it."

"And he offered it again?"

"Yes."

"He must have been very keen on your having it."

"He was—then."

"And you refused it two or three times?"

"Yes."

"And now you want it badly?"

"That's it," said LILLIAN. "And I don't expect he wants to give it to me now. He hasn't offered it lately. What do you think of it, DICK?"

"Just like a woman!" I said. "But I'm glad it wasn't a motor-bicycle," I added.

"Is that all, DICK?"

I thought for a little while.

"If you really want it badly, I should tell him. Tell him you didn't know your own mind at the time."

"But he may have changed his by now. That's the difficulty."

"Surely you can tell. Is he still decent to you?"

"Oh, rather—always."

"Then I expect he still wants you to have it. It sounds as though he's rather keen on you," I said jealously.

LILLIAN jumped up.

"I shall tell him."

"Tell him you didn't know your own mind. That'll be rather bad luck on you, you're generally so sure of it."

"Then I shan't tell him I didn't know my own mind," said LILLIAN.

"Well, you must say something."

"I shall tell him I didn't know my own—heart."

I shot out of my chair.

"DICK," said LILLIAN plaintively, "must I propose to you?"

"You—oh—me—LILL—"

I think I shall put a row of asterisks here.

• • • • •
And again, Mr. Printer.

• • • • •
That author chap was quite right, you know. Once more, please.

• • • • •

Thank you.

Exactitude.

TRICYCLE wanted; three wheels; good condition.—Apply, &c.

FISCAL FACTS FOR FEARFUL FOOLS.

GENERAL ELECTION PAMPHLET SERIES.
No. 1 (AND LAST.—ED.)

UNDER Free Trade our exports of safety-bicycles, submarines and motor-cars have been enormously greater than during Napoleonic times.

Up till 1846—when Free Trade was introduced—an English football team had never been defeated by one from New Zealand.

The Peninsular War, the death of NELSON, and the French Revolution, all occurred under a Protectionist system.

Under Free Trade the world suffered from the Indian Mutiny, the Martinique Eruption, and the invention of the mechanical piano-player.

On desert islands—avowedly Protectionist communities—there are no unemployed or strike difficulties, disease is unknown, the death-rate negligible, food always abundant, and there is no congestion of alien immigrants.

With the exception of the chambermaids in hotels there is no slavery in modern Switzerland (a protected Republic).

A tariff has done nothing to promote the exchange of sardine tins between Formosa and Tierra del Fuego.

Bankruptcies of British industrial firms have been fewer in number under the present Free Trade Government than during any other Administration of the twentieth century.

A MODEST REQUEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, will you support me in my little project?

I have just spent so satisfactory a Christmas that I wish to bring forward the suggestion that instead of celebrating this festival once only during the year, we should observe it three times at least. You cannot, it has been said, have too much of a good thing; I would advocate having more of Christmas. The glow of happiness that this cheerful season brings to every well-constituted heart ought not to be confined to one or two

days only in the whole weary and dismal three-hundred-and-sixty-five. There should be other opportunities too.

"A Merry Christmas"—what a charming aspiration! How seldom do our neighbours so far relax into friendliness as to wish us this kindly thing. Do they say "A Merry Easter," or "A Merry Whitsuntide," or "A Merry August Bank Holiday"? Not they. But at Christmas all self-consciousness is forgotten, all restraint laid aside, and every one is free and joyful. There should be more Christmases.

And the Post Office officials—how

until the following December? I like gay shops. We can't have too many of them. Let us have two more Christmases at least in which to give each other pretty things. The shopkeepers would like it, and the delivering wagons would like it. The recipients would like it. In fact, I cannot see how any opposition worth considering can be offered.

The stations again. What a scene of good-humoured generous bustle they present just before Christmas! There is nothing quite like it during the rest of the year. There ought to be. The railway companies deserve it, the porters

deserve it. The cabmen want it too. I would have two more Christmases, with all their excited departures and arrivals.

Lastly, the dear children! How the little rascals love Christmas! How they look forward to it, and plan for it, and enjoy every minute of it! Would you grudge them this pleasure oftentimes repeated? Surely you cannot. There should be nothing that anyone but a curmudgeon could deny the dear children. As for the charge of over-eating that is brought against Christmas—Pooh! A little over-eating does no harm. Youthful stomachs soon right themselves and are better



A NORTH LONDON ANGLING CLUB IS OFFERING A FOUR-YEAR-OLD DONKEY AS THE PRIZE IN A FISHING COMPETITION. IT IS RUMOURED THAT THE DONKEY SEES NO REASON WHY HE SHOULDN'T ENTER AS A COMPETITOR ALSO.

they work at Christmas and during the week or so before it! To work is to pray, says the old saw; and every schoolboy who ever had a copy-book knows that it is only the idle who are unhappy. How happy the sorting clerks, and the counter clerks, and the letter carriers, and the parcel-post men, must be at Christmas! Then let them have more of it, say I. It is absurd to limit pretty things like Christmas cards to one or two days in the year. Anything that gladdens life should be encouraged and multiplied. A Christmas card with a laughable picture and legend, or a seasonable cheery design, sensibly gladdens life. I should like to send and receive several every day.

And the shops. Why should all the gay brightness of the shops end with Christmas Eve, and never be seen again

than ever. Three Christmases, I say; or even four. Yes, four.

Personally I love Christmas. I resent nothing in it, not even being awakened by a brass band playing "The Mistletoe Bough" at four A.M. Why should I? It's a good time, isn't it? And I soon went to sleep again, all the happier for being reminded that Christmas was here. I should like to think that another Christmas was coming in March, and another in July, and another in October.

Yours cordially,

NOEL TREBELL.

With the best wishes in the world for Christmas once a year, "Mr. Punch" will see Mr. TREBELL farther before he lends his sanction to any scheme for repeating the dose before December 25, 1906.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Man from America (SMITH, ELDER), who gives a title to Mrs. DE LA PASTURE's last novel, is of the conventional type of the American, lean, impassive, sententious, with "a rare smile," possessed of supreme business capacity, sedulously concealing generous disposition and a susceptible heart. The charm of the story lingers round the *Vicomte de Nauroy*, christened *Patrick*, family name *O'Reilly*. Descended from the ancient kings of Ireland, he carried his sword to France and won a patent of nobility from LOUIS PHILIPPE. In his old age he settled down to a quiet homestead on the border of Somerset and Devon, a happy circumstance, since Mrs. DE LA PASTURE knows the country intimately and paints its varied beauty with skilful, sympathetic hand. A charming picture the *Vicomte* makes, whether in his garden, tending the flowers, or in the kitchen, making coffee with his own fat hand, and superintending the domestic arrangements of his single servant *Pélagie*, nurse to his two grand-daughters. It is round these girls the story winds its pleasant way, divagations that make the reader acquainted with many interesting folk. For my Baronite the French-bred Irishman, whether in country or town, is the chief delight. He is a fresh and precious addition to the portraiture of fiction.

Mr. A. G. BRADLEY, in his handsome volume, *In the March and Borderland of Wales* (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE), might have figured as a mere antiquary or as a mere pedestrian diarist. He has chosen to combine the virtues of both with the defects of neither. He unites scholarship with a personal quality; he avoids pedantry on the one hand, and trivial garrulity on the other. Look where you will you will find entertainment never far removed from instruction; while always he has a sympathetic eye for the beauty alike of scenes and associations; and is fortunate in being associated with an artist who is an amateur only in the sense that his labour is a labour of love. Mr. W. M. MEREDITH's lavish drawings are much more than supplemental to Mr. BRADLEY's descriptions. In reproducing historic architecture his first object is to give a faithful record of things seen, but often, and especially in landscape, his work is touched with a very charming imagination. Many who flatter themselves that they have exhausted the scenery of our island because they have covered all its advertised ground, should be grateful for this revelation of the beauties that lie beyond its beaten paths. So says My Nautical Retainer.

CARLYLE's description of the flight from Paris of LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH and his hapless Queen is one of the most memorable of the flaming pictures that make up his history of *The French Revolution*. In the *Memoirs of Dr. Thomas Evans* (FISHER UNWIN) there is an episode which, described with less of sulphuric effect, is by its very quality of commonplace equally effective. Again a French Queen is making secret flight from revolutionary Paris. The Empress EUGÉNIE has, however, no "new Berline" such as was provided for the Royal fugitives of 1791. Driven in Dr. EVANS' private brougham, the party of four reached Lisieux, their horses tired out, and necessity urgent for fresh conveyance to carry them on to Deauville. It was raining heavily, and the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, still nominally Regent, had not an umbrella at her disposal. Dr. EVANS went ahead of the party in search of fresh horses. "The EMPRESS, Madame LEBRETON and Dr. CRANE, stepped in under the *porte cochère* of an establishment where carpets were made, on the left-hand side of the street." Here, apprehensive of every passer by, they remained, "the EMPRESS standing in the doorway, scarcely out of reach from the rain dripping from the building; Madame LEBRETON partly sitting on, partly leaning against a bale of wool in the passage behind." After half-an-hour's absence, Dr. EVANS rejoined them, and the journey was resumed more

successfully than was that of the new Berline making its way through France 79 years earlier. This narrative of the escape to England of the EMPRESS is the most picturesque chapter in the history. But my Baronite finds elsewhere much that is illuminating of the character and disposition of the EMPEROR and EMPRESS.

Admitting the axiom that the proper study of mankind is man, *Who's Who* (A. AND C. BLACK) is an admirable class book. My Baronite often wonders how busy men of wide correspondence and close touch with their fellows got along before this annual in its new form appeared. Growing in bulk with years, as prosperous folk are apt to do, it has, for the sake of convenience, shed some hundred or so of leaves. These are issued in a separate volume labelled *Who's Who Year-Book*. Fuller verge is thus left for the biographical notes, which now approach 1900 closely printed pages. A new addition to biographical *ana* is made by adding the motor and telephone number and the telegraphic addresses of the multitudinous *Who*. This last is especially convenient.

On the threshold of his eightieth year Mr. HOLMAN HUNT sits down to tell the story of *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood* (MACMILLAN). The cover of the two portly volumes bears the monogram P.R.B., whose meaning the youthful conspirators, appalled by consciousness of the momentous character of the undertaking, entered into a solemn league and covenant to keep hidden from ordinary men. Mr. HOLMAN HUNT describes the work of the famous Brotherhood, of which he was one of three founders, as "the searching out a new perfection in life and lovingly teaching it to others." How this mission was accomplished my Baronite finds told in minute detail, which supplies many interesting biographical traits of painters who were boys together in the first decade of Queen VICTORIA's reign. As happened in the case of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, HOLMAN HUNT's father was opposed to his adopting Art as a profession. In obedience to the parental mandate, he entered a city office. But his passion for drawing and painting was irresistible, and, as in the case of FREDERICK LEIGHTON, eventually triumphed. The work is illustrated with two-score photogravure plates, reproducing the masterpieces of the Brotherhood.

Remembering some clever things done by Lord DUNBANY with pen and pencil whilst still with his regiment at Gibraltar, my Baronite turned with gleeful expectation to *The Gods of Pegana* (ELKIN MATHEWS). After honest endeavour he is bound to confess that he cannot make head or tail of the book. "My fault," as the executioner said, when he chopped off the gentleman's head and it fell to the ground.

Having lived for twenty years in Paris, performing the duties of correspondent for an American Journal, Mr. SHERARD has compiled his recollections. As his duties brought him into intimate connection with most of the personages who helped to make history in France in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, the book has especial value. Amongst the later comers on the stage who were known of the chronicler was OSCAR WILDE. Of the closing scenes in the tragedy of his life a simple touching narrative is to be found in the pages of *Twenty Years in Paris* (HUTCHINSON).

Wishing his friends generally a Happy New Year, the Baron delivers this as his act and deed, witness his signature and seal.

